





Our Dedication . . .

TO MEN WITH WINGS

☆ At this point in 43-D's training, barely one-third of the way through an intensive program, we have developed a tremendous degree of respect for those men who possess the mental and physical prowess and breadth of character necessary to be awarded the insignia of graduation from the Army Air Force Pilot Training Program—those silver wings.

To these men—the men with wings—we dedicate this, our class book. More than a dedication, we would have this stand as a promise to those who have achieved this full measure of success—a promise that we shall endeavor to shape ourselves in such a way that some day we will be worthy of the right to share their signal honor as wearers of silver wings.

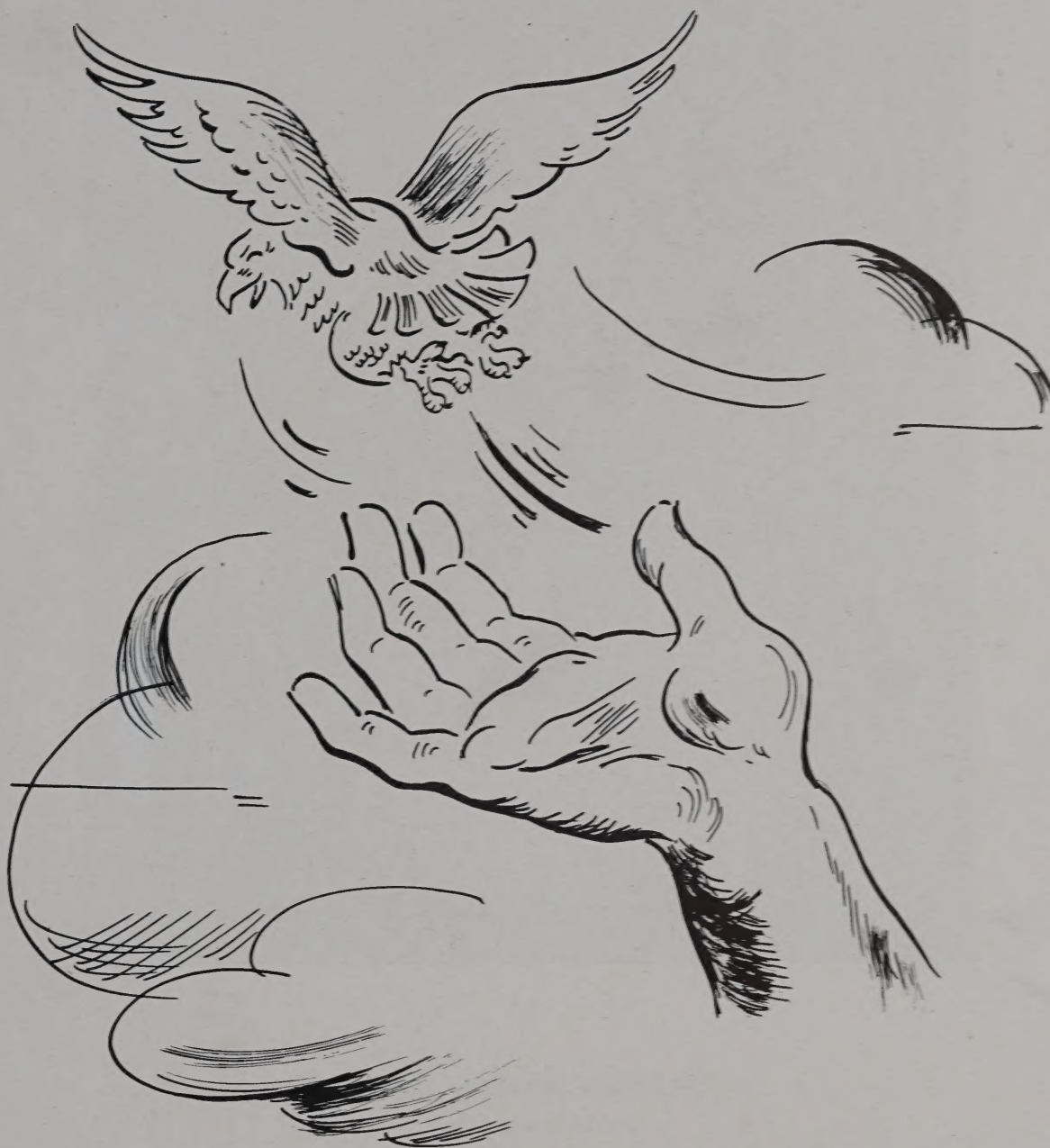


"*The* EAGLET TAKES OFF"

☆ The members of Class 43-D in publishing this record of their pleasant memories, trials, experiences, days good and bad, and humorous incidents, could compare themselves and their collective status to none other so well as that of the Eaglet . . .

From the first day, when we looked with reverent awe upon the soloing upper classmen of 43-C, until the present when it is our turn to perform as seasoned veterans of 60 hours, we can recall having been helpless, fresh hatched Eaglets; we have been coaxed or threatened, whichever was necessary to give us the will to try our newly acquired talents and now we can liken ourselves to Eagles fully grown, but yet young, sure only of pride in being Eagles, and capabilities of advancement in the Eagle's element . . .

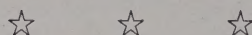
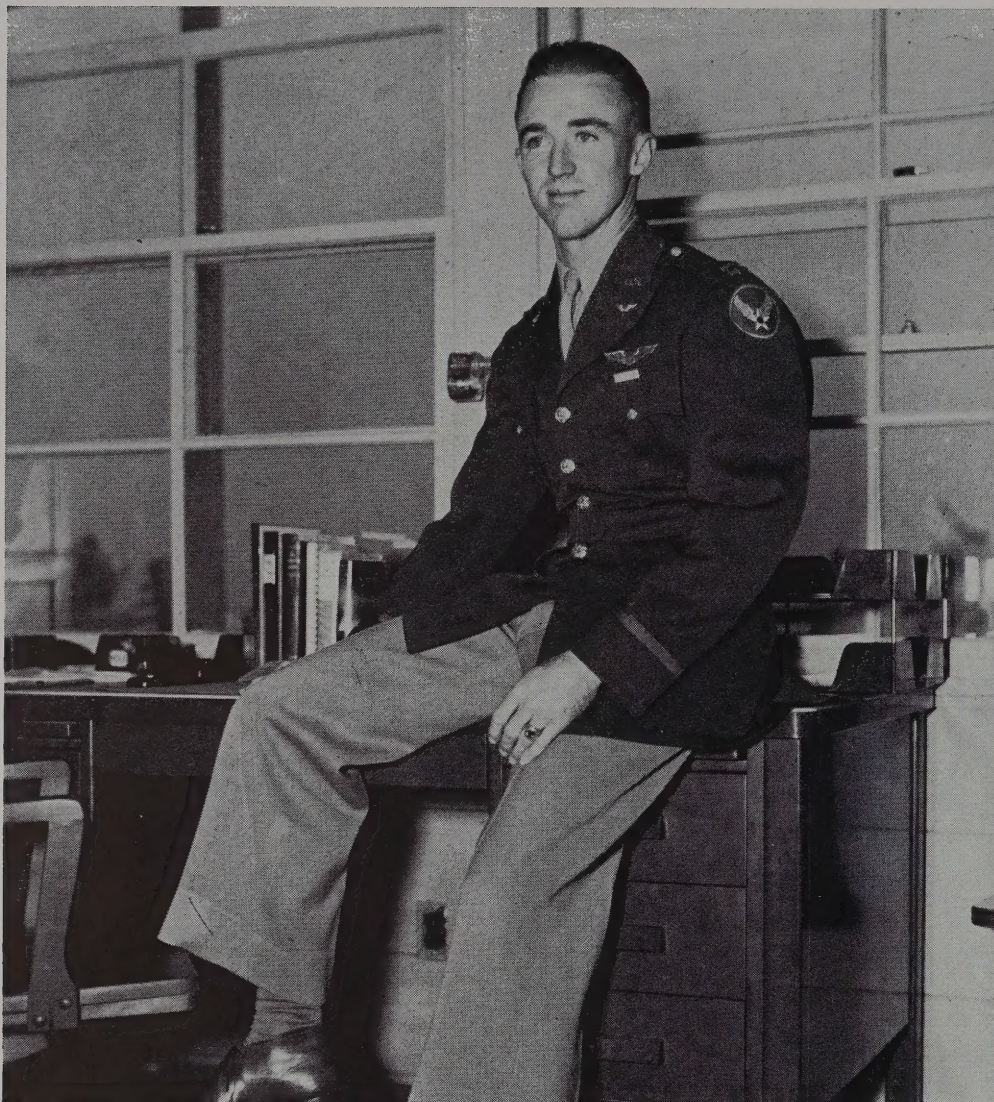
Each of the officers, instructors, departments, and services, depicted herein have played their indispensable part in our transformation to Eaglets ready to take off for further training and eventual development into mature Eagles.



Guidance . . .

*Wise leadership, a firm hand—
Were given to us by those in command.
They offered the highways of the sky
To men with courage who want to fly!*





Captain Richard Ault

Commanding Officer

☆ Our Commanding Officer is a man of ability. Prior to his advent to the U. S. A. A. F. on September 23, 1939, Captain Ault was a licensed private pilot with a total of 100 hours. His comet-like rise began with his graduation from Primary at Hancock School of Aeronautics at Santa Maria, California, in 1939. Then to Texas for Basic at Randolph Field and was commissioned a second lieutenant on his graduation from Kelly Field, June, 1940. After graduation he was an instructor at Randolph until assigned to Glendale Primary as check pilot, October, 1940. He was transferred February 6, 1941, to Mesa Del Rey, where he continued his duties as a check pilot. He became Commanding Officer of this Post on May 20, 1942.

Captain Ault is authorized to pilot any of the following planes: P-38, AT-12, A-17A, P-12E. He is married, has a son, Richard Gene, and is a native Californian.



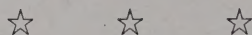
Captain Vernon A. Smith

Commandant of Cadets

☆ Farewell to Class 43-D—May your Basic and Advanced days be as successful as were your Primary. During your period of training here at Eagle Field you have been a fine spirited and well-behaved class and as your immediate superior am happy to say I am proud to have been your Commandant. Good luck to you all and carry on.

Vernon A. Smith

Captain, A. C.



Harry S. White

☆ Started flying for pleasure in 1935, found flying his all-consuming interest, and spent all his spare time around Palo Alto Airport. In 1938 an opportunity presented itself to acquire an interest and manage the field, an opportunity which he quickly grasped. With hard work he built Palo Alto from a four-plane field to a successful C. P. T. enterprise. Opportunity knocked again and Mr. White expanded the operation to training cadets for the Army Air Forces with the establishment of an airport at King City in 1941. When the necessity for further facilities for the ever-expanding Air Forces arose, Coast Aviation Corporation was formed in 1942, and Mr. White was named as its president. His greatest ambition is to do his best job for his country, but like all those who get a taste of flying, he'd like to be in the air rather than a near "ground hog."



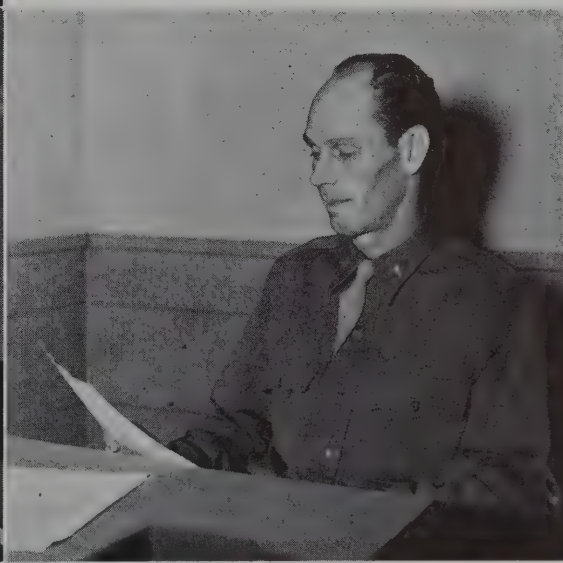
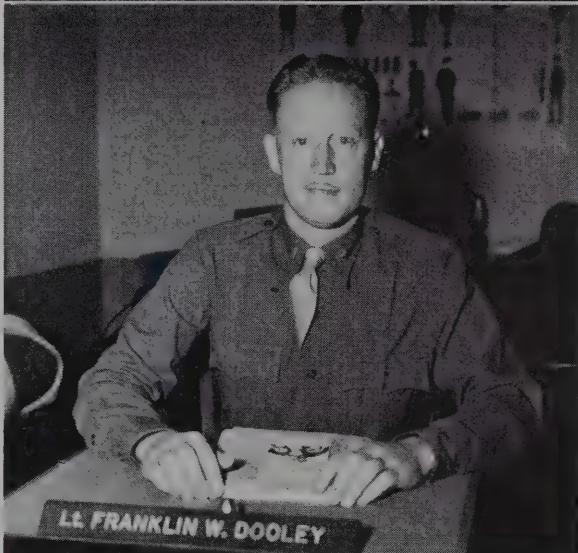
CAPTAIN WILLIAM A. HOY
Engineering Officer

FIRST LIEUTENANT LEOPOLD R. KRUEGER
Operations Officer

FIRST LIEUTENANT FRANKLIN W. DOOLEY
Executive Officer

FIRST LIEUTENANT MARTIN N. OSBORN
Post Adjutant

FIRST LIEUTENANT MILTON ROSE
Assistant Adjutant





SECOND LIEUTENANT JAMES A. OWENS
Assistant Operations Officer

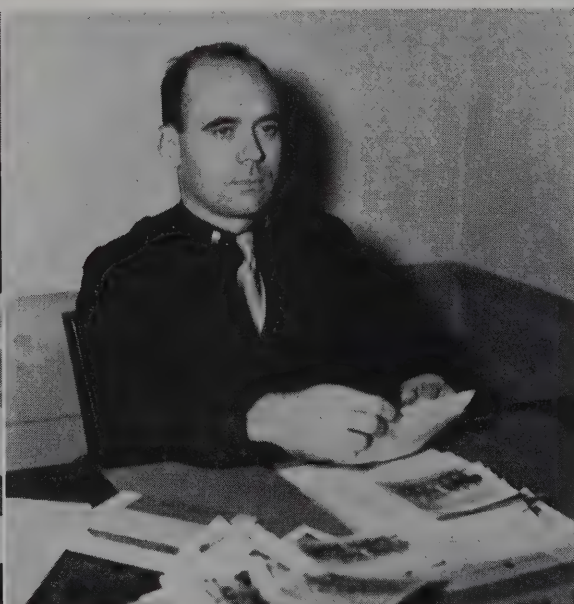


SECOND LIEUTENANT HENRY GOBER
Assistant Operations Officer

SECOND LIEUTENANT DANIEL FARNY
Supply Officer



SECOND LIEUTENANT JOHN M. CLEARY, JR.
Intelligence Officer

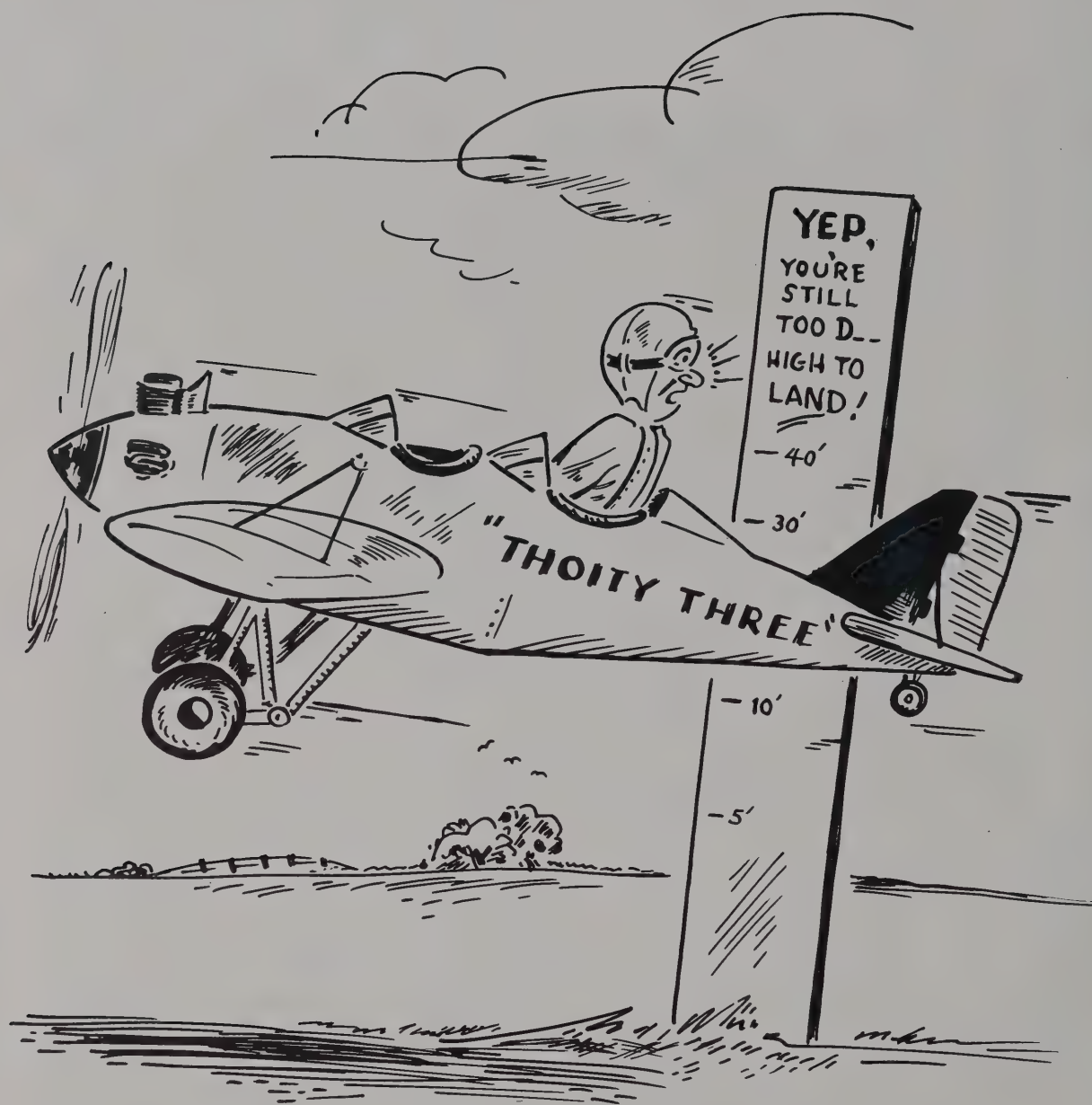




1st Lt. Fowler Poling, M. C. Capt. Sherman Masler, M. C.

☆ More and more emphasis is being placed on physical fitness. In no other department of aviation is this as important as in military aviation.

Born of physical fitness is courage and confidence for which we have a greater need now than at any other time of our training. We thank these custodians of health of Eagle Field's Cadet detachment, Captain Sherman Masler, M. C., and First Lieutenant Fowler Poling, M. C., for their unceasing vigilance over us during our stay.



"A Much Needed Invention—The Land-Altimeter"



Instruction . . .

*The opportunity ignored to place their name
With O'Hare's and Kelly's in the Hall of Fame;
They chose instead their important places
Of converting fledglings to future aces!*



THOMAS R. FISHER
Chief Pilot



RICHARD T. BELEW
Flight Commander

☆ There is no doubt in anyone's mind as to the very important task these men perform in training America's Aviation Cadets. They possess the two-fold qualities that make them good teachers as well as good pilots. There are many men who know how to fly the airplane but have no conception of the tireless patience and constant repetition that go with teaching another to fly. Here at Eagle Field we are particularly fortunate in having instructors who are among the best in the country—which is borne out by our remarkably low accident rate. The Class of 43-D wishes to express its sincere appreciation for the many hours of tedious work these men have expended to make them the "not-so-hot" beginners that they are!



LEROY LAMPSON
Flight Commander



J. RICHARD LOWELL
Assistant Flight Commander



NICHOLAS J. PASCULLIS
Assistant Flight Commander



RICHARD MAHONEY
Assistant Flight Commander



HUGO LEHTINEN
Assistant Flight Commander



JAMES LASH
Assistant Flight Commander



R. FRED HARVEY
Assistant Flight Commander



MORGAN D. BOYLES
Assistant Flight Commander



☆ Eagle Field and its classes are fortunate in possessing competent and thoroughly well trained ground school instructors.

Mr. C. B. Arthur, director of the ground school, draws upon a wealth of experience including years as mechanic, pilot, director of the Washington, D. C. Civil Aeronautics Authority Ground School, and founder and director of the Oregon Institute of Technology. Mr. W. D. Lostrom and Mr. D. L. Wycoff teach with thoroughness the courses in internal combustion engines and related subjects, reaching the ultimate in simplification of this highly technical material. Mr. A. E. Gribben and Mr. C. S. Kelleher specialize in familiarizing classes with the intricacies of the Navigation and Meteorology courses, having been well prepared for their positions by graduation from the Weems courses in navigation. Mr. Arthur adds to his full schedule as director of the school by providing cadets with a solid background in Theory of Flight.

Cadets while at Eagle Field have been quick to realize that each of these instructors imparts much more than is necessary for the weekly examinations, but the final proof of the success of their efforts comes from cadets now in Basic and Advanced Training, and the unreserved statements of these cadets that they feel the Eagle Field Ground School could not possibly have prepared them more thoroughly for their further ground school subjects.



Master Sgt. Richard C. Worden
Athletic Director

Sgt. Warren C. Thompson
Assistant Athletic Director

☆ We, of Eagle Field, know the gentlemen pictured on this page very well indeed. Although they are continually reminding us that an Athletic Period is still a Military Formation regardless of the uniform, it is needless to say they've been a tremendous help in keeping us in physical trim.

The training program is a daily one. Many sports have been offered: baseball, football, volley-ball, boxing, basketball, badminton, horseshoes, etc., and then we can't forget that obstacle course and the calisthenics that keep the cadets in good physical condition.

Master Sergeant Richard C. Worden is a graduate of Stanford University and Sergeant Warren C. Thompson is a graduate of the University of California at Los Angeles.



*Hail to this lad named Ronald McSpoon;
He flew the pattern like a regular goon.
His ambition, it seemed, was to meet his Maker.
Now he's on ground crew, back at Baker!*



Eaglets . . .

*From check ride to check ride we lived, it's true,
At times did things even Herky wouldn't do;
But we made it—another step toward our wings—
Now onward and upward toward bigger things!*

What Goes On in the Eagle's Nest . . .

☆ Oh, golly—everything from a mere acquaintanceship to tears with that impish pilot's nemesis, "Gremlin"!

This Gremlin fellow is a sonuvagun! He's a little ol' myth who transferred to Eagle Field from the R. A. F., where he raised merry hell with their combat pilots—and in actual combat, too. Why, you know, he can cause more dad-blamed trouble! He's the little dickens that blows bubbles in your fuel line; puts water in your gas tank, and lets air out of your tires. We can't catch him—he's invisible! A nasty little brat with neither heart nor soul, as unvirtuous and cold-blooded as any myth can be . . .

Just ask little Terry Eaglet who put on the brakes while he was taxiing at full throttle, or ask Smittie Eaglet who the playful sprite was who dropped the landing field away just as he was about to make a perfect "three pointer."

Uh-huh, Gremlin's the guy! The guy who blows the bugle in the morning; upsets and short-sheets beds at night; the guy who teaches grammar to instructors and check pilots.

Yeah, you betcha we cuss him—cuss him till we're blue in the face.

It's his fault when there's no horizon;

When the nose is high or low.

It's his fault when we're lost from home

And don't know where to go.

He'll follow us thru Basic,

And on to Advanced;

But when we get those silver wings

We'll lick him, never fear—

We'll take him high above the ground

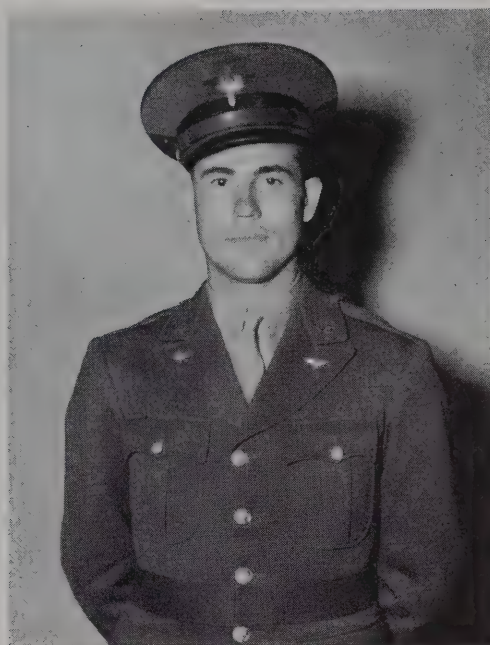
And throw him into the stratosphere!

Being serious, tho, I imagine he's all those faults and obstacles we have to overcome to be Army Pilots. He's a test all right, a test of our ability to master the job we have to do. Against him we measure our progress and fitness for things to come. He beats some of us, but we're too many and too strong—we have too great a cause to be thwarted in our progress and in our ultimate achievement—"Victory"!

One of our biggest regrets is that we no longer stand 187 strong—that some of our friends no longer will join us in the line formed at the Dispatcher's window. They have sat in session with a sincere and impartial board who found them better fitted to serve our Country in other Air Corps jobs. We look forward to the time when our paths will cross again—perhaps for a flight over Berlin or Tokio.

We've worried and cried—laughed and had fun—been hopeful and disillusioned—but we've passed another stage in our training. Now we have a confidence and knowledge that can only be enlarged—not shaken, not forgotten.





R. W. TWIGGS
Cadet Wing Commander

Cadet Officers



Front Row: Group Commander R. E. Holberg, Adjutant J. H. Zech, Group Commander E. C. Folgate.

Middle Row: G. L. Hammond, J. E. Thompson, H. F. Birlauf, J. W. Anderson, F. W. Theis, G. R. Moss, W. D. Anderson, D. M. Dessert.

Top Row: R. C. Rowe, F. P. Robinson, W. L. Richards, R. O. Stewart, E. S. Sire, G. M. Stewart, H. W. Agan, A. H. Allen, Jr.



FRANK H. PAULIN

This kid really works on landings; especially stages.
We still can't understand how he gets stuck in the mud.

GORDON L. HAMMOND

Old two-stroke himself. Noise in proportion to size but
a heart just as big.



G. J. EWING

An easy-going guy who
takes things in his stride.
A mighty big stride, too.

ROBERT W. REED

The only man that ever
cheated in an I. Q. test.
He is also the one who
keeps us awake with
spicy Indiana tales.

MINOR H. ANDREW

The "Boogie" boy from
Chi. His motto is "Fly
Low and Fly Slow." His
nickname is "Herky."

CLIFFORD B. MALONEY

Instructor.

EDGAR J. FLANAGAN

The RCAF lost a good
man when Flanagan
came here. Next to drill,
he loves sleep, and when
he came to Eagle Field
the Devil died.



MARTIN L. CLARK

This week-end enthusiast says that Texas is heaven
and he'll trade the west coast for another week there.

DONALD R. MARTIN

Did you ever see a butch hair-cut flying? Well, I did.

JOHN D. PATTERSON

He undoubtedly wins the fur-lined bath tub for gold-bricking. A fellow who can sleep or eat regardless.

HERBERT W. AGAN

"Sir, Cadet Agan requests a furlough for a while. I miss my dancin', prancin', romancin' Texas style!"

WAYNE W. ANDERSON

The Iowa farm boy insists his instructor can't equal his acrobatics and the boys insist they can't equal his gold-bricking.

RICHARD S. CICCARELLI
Instructor.



NATHAN G. RALEY

This happy moron is always first man up in the morning. He explains that he just likes to feel the nice cool floor with his toes. Some sport.

J. D. SHIELDS

He used to run a Kentucky tobacco plantation. Now can imitate an ape in his upper bunk.



CHARLES A. KUPKA

His compass points vary but his heart always points to Fresno—from a place called Grundy's Corner, Iowa.

GORDON M. KOGL

Minnesota's gift to Uncle Sam's Air Power—definitely a hot pilot.

ROBERT C. TOMKINS

The scholarly gent who knows most of the answers that all of us would like to know during finals—good landings, too.

CHARLES M. TREAT
Instructor.

EUGENE C. CAUGHLAN

Our corn-fed H. P. from Iowa—the man who blacks-out his instructor on every medium turn. See more of him in Basic.

ORVILLE BLYTHE

The "Okie" is largely responsible for all the "hell raising" in our bay, but on the whole a good guy.

HERBERT C. SCHOENER

"Bud" does his best flying from his bunk. Seems he keeps his attention divided between his instructor and Hollywood.

CHARLES F. CANFIELD

A former brilliant half-back at U. of N. Mex. We feel Charlie will score often for Uncle Sam. He is a "benedict" and has good advice for single guys.

CHARLES O. JAHN

A quiet guy but he gets around. In NC-4, a pearl among?

CHARLES G. RYAN

In the battle of Ryan vs. Ryan, Charles came out on top.

C. GENE MUZINICH

Instructor.

GEORGE M. STEWART

"Huh! You ought to live in Chattanooga — got everything there!"



KEN M. RICHARDSON

An ace from the start, this guy we call Rich. He's headed for Denver when he's finished his "hitch."

GEORGE W. BRANNAN

King of the blackjack sessions—always does the unexpected.



LOUIS D. HAMILTON, III

A dot and dash man from way back. Was previously a radio man for Uncle Sam's Air Corps.

RICHARD S. RYRHOLM, JR.

A big Swede, with an Irish accent, called Peck by the boys. Peck loves to fly. Receives much mail from Boston. 'Tis said girls stormed the station when he left!

ARTHUR E. NEWMAN

Instructor.

LONCIE L. TUCKER

True Texan, eats, sleeps and dreams flying. Is he hen-pecked or does he naturally like it?

VERNON M. CALVERT

Vernon—a "Mean Hog" from West Virginny. He previously did some low flying with boys in the field artillery.

MERRIL F. GREEN

He is still trying to tune in on the vibrations coming through the gossports.

ROYAL W. STULTS

We are trying to figure out why a good gold-brick has to go to extremes. The doctor thought it was appendicitis!

E. J. LOUVAR

The early bird catches the worm, says Ernest—up before the last note of Reveille—and in the air almost before his P.T.

RICHARD C. ROWE

"Tried a vertical reversionment and it was the best power spin I ever did." Dick, why not learn the recovery first?

BRUCE P. NORRIS

Past master at the art of after taps shaving. The boy doesn't need luminous paint on his nose to adjust the pitch of his razor blade any more.

S. CLAUDE SIMS, JR.

Instructor.

MYLER K. MOORE

Another California boy. Stayed over with us from 43-C. It's their loss and our gain.



HAROLD F. SHULL

This broad-shouldered Viking from Minnesota is a girl's dream of a man with wings. But a check pilot's nightmare!

RICHARD C. OVERMYER

No matter what the future may hold, we're sure "Dick" will be in there on top. You can stay, but——



CHARLES W. MOORE

One of the first to solo. New Mexico is proud to add an H. P. to her list of eagles.

CLARENCE E. SMITH

The Memphis Drug Expert. Better known as "Button Happy Smith." Tells stories in Tennessee mountaineer drawl after bed check. "Sho' wish I was back in Memphis."

FRANK A. PAULLIN

This kid really works on landings, especially stages. We can't understand how it's possible to get stuck in the only mud puddle on the field. "Srrrrrrrrr."

HENRY I. RADKEVICH

Besides raising and lowering "Old Glory" each day, this Vermont Yankee knows every check pilot by name, but doesn't care to have them sit in front of him.

DONALD M. DESSERT

One of California's true sens. We don't know if he came in with the Gold Rush but we do know that some states missed a good Chamber of Commerce salesman.

ARTHUR WILLIAMSON

Few of us have the privilege of flying over Dos Palos and getting lost on our supervised solo!

GENE E. EVELETH

Instructor.



R. L. ALEXANDER

Alex is a quiet one, no chatter from him. He's headed for Tokio to get in the swim.

ARTHUR H. ALLEN

"G. I." is a rasping-voiced human alarm. Some mornings we wish he was back on the farm.

HAROLD M. BAUER

Boeing's ex-star man from Spokane. An ardent admirer of "Petty" pictures.



LT. J. J. WOLFONG

The very first in 43-D to lose his skunk stripe. He goes to 12,000 feet to perfect his gliding turns.

RUPERT T. SPARKS, JR.

Should have it easy at Basic, formation flying is a cinch, eh, Tex?

LA VERNE E. WOODS

Some of that Rebel stock from Memphis way. Modest to a fault about his flying ability all except those pylon eights. "Whew—They're about to whup me down."

CHARLES E. HOLMAN

Instructor.

LANCELOT L. MINOR

Lancelot Longstreet. That is no misprint, it really belongs to him. The Memphis lawyer knows it's tough, but that's the way it goes.



NED V. BURRIS

Sleeping is his hobby—lover his type; one of the first to lose his skunk stripes.

J. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

His name may resemble that of a Nazi, but he'll bag six Huns while you still taxi!

JOSEPH ROSE

"Did I say what, Sir?"

"Yes Sir, but I wasn't referring to you, Sir. In fact, I didn't know you were in the room, Sir."

PAUL E. WALTON

All Paul needs before a check ride is a letter from the little gal in Ohio. She's soon to be a Mrs. Congratulations to the future Lt. and Mrs. Walton.

KEITH D. BRATTON

Flying has crossed Keith up. After his last check ride he put his girl's letter in the wrong envelope. Who's nervous?

MORGAN C. REESE

Instructor.

C. W. PIERCE

South Dakota embalmer in civilian life, is reported to have a business-like gleam in his eye whenever the crash siren sounds.

WILLIAM L. RICHARDS

"Red" started off with a bang by soloing in less than five hours. He's still teaching his instructor the finer points of flying, but Fresno seems to have him in a "Rat Race."

E. D. BEVER

Also known as "Eager Beaver." He has little to say about his flying, but we wonder if he isn't slightly in the H. P. class.

FRANK P. ROBINSON III

He's our original Tennessee hill-billy. When did you last use a mop, Frank? Work just isn't in his vocabulary.

WALTER S. JOHNSON

Instructor.

DONALD C. WOLFE

We're sure the good people of Dos Palos are going to miss Don's daily exhibition of fine flying, especially a certain someone.

ROBERT E. SLAY, JR.

Easiest recognized by a long black stogie. Happiest sitting on the waste paper basket practicing slow rolls.



DELMAR D. POLLOCK

"Tex." "Nossir, there just ain't no state like Texas," and when he starts telling about it us guys begin looking for a place to hide.



FREDERICK C. NICHOLS

One swell guy and a real H. P. Tossed the Navy over for the Air Corps and is not sorry even if the "Kinner" rattles his teeth.

WILLIAM A. TERRY

"Herky" they now call him. An upside down demolished Ryan and a bump on his head. Don't you wish you knew what happened, "Herky?"

JOHN E. REIDMAN

Hones' John hails from Indiana, but we don't hold that against him. However, that laboring sound he makes at night has simply got to stop. How's your ground flying coming, John?

EDGAR W. ENDICOTT
Instructor.

HAROLD D. WINGFIELD

The way Hal looks at his pretty brunette's picture while writing letters, one can tell it won't be long now. Lots of luck, Hal.

G. E. ROGLES

This fellow is new to army life. Still gets all those letters from St. Louis.

J. W. WALKER

Known locally as "the brain," he has solved everything with a slide rule except how to prepare for an inspection. Hails from Tennessee—half Yankee and half Rebel.



ROBERT STONE

A very paternal gentleman who looks after our best interests. At ease, men, this is C. Q. . . . Do you want the captain to come over and "gig" the mess of us?

RAY M. SPOFFORD

Ray is still trying to find out where the United States is in relation to Boston. However, we must thank him for introducing a little "Yankee accent" into our already tainted drawl.



STEPHAN A. PLUTT

Dignified and quiet codger. When he speaks, pearls of flying wisdom drop from his lips and are greeted with enthusiastic acclaim. Oh, yeah—each guy has his own version.

JOHN P. RHODES

The voice that is heard above the rest during C. Q. is that of the wonder boy from the wastes of Texas. Probably one of the first to solo from an upper bunk at 3:00 in the morning.

H. W. CAIN

Cain's a hot pilot, and dresses the part; the Air Corps has his ability, but Texas has his heart.

RAYMOND H. FUGATE

Instructor.

N. L. SWATEK

Can bounce a "PT" as many times as any one.

ROBERT B. WILCOXIN

While on the ground he's slow as can be, but in the air he shames Mercury.

ROBERT E. HOLBERG, JR.

A Longhorn from Texas and proud of it, too. Flyin' and talkin', two things he can do.

OLIVER K. SCHAEER

Instructor.

W. R. EGAN

Needs more time to sleep and doesn't approve of these early morning risers. He'd run old "Rip" a close race.

ROBERT P. LARSEN

"Old down-wing McGee." Really a swell guy, but he'll take a chance.



LOUIS POTKONSKI, JR.

The ol' Basket Buster himself. "It takes real skill to hit one of those little things. Carrier landing—phooey," he sez.

JAMES M. HUNT

Arkansas cotton planter.
Can discourse for hours
on aeronautical subjects
—when not in class.

R. C. WOOLWINE

"What the heck—this is
much easier than driving
a taxicab." You can't
rile this boy up. He just
keeps plodding along.

G. R. MOSS

"Alabama's" gift to the
Air Corps. Never look a
gift horse in the mouth,
General Arnold.

R. M. MALMBERG

Instructor.

R. B. REEVES

The most consistent man
in the outfit—always five
minutes late, but when
he gets started he makes
up for lost time.



ROBERT C. GILCHRIST

A Georgia rug cutter and rider of the Dos Palo Sage,
'42 style.

DON L. SMITH

Always smiling. Don is a gentleman aviator, high,
wide, and handsome, working hard to earn those
wings. And the inspiration is a lovely gal in Minne-
apolis.



LT. H. W. McKEE

A graduate of Texas
A. & M. An H.P. carry-
ing on in true Texas
style.

ERNIE S. SIRE

San Francisco claims this
handsome caballero. We
will never forget his
rendition of Princess Poo-
pooli. He can fly as well
as he sings.

CHAS. B. CHANDLER, JR.

"Texas is near heaven,"
says this lad. These PT's
are "duck soup" for him.

LAURENCE L. YOUNG

Instructor.

HENRY W. CAMPBELL

One of the staunch de-
fenders of the "Show
Me" state. He likes fly-
ing close under other
planes, but it is a little
hard on the ships.

S. W. BROWN

Lost his individuality when he signed the dotted line
but his death-defying adventures are bringing it back.
How'd you miss them, Sam?

HERMAN F. BIRLAUF

It is rumored he drinks photographer's hypo for break-
fast instead of coffee.



J. R. WOIBLET

Originally a member of that so-called "motley crew" known as 43-C. How about those torn-up baskets?

M. F. MORISKY

He is "our boy," but he can't seem to find the 10:00 o'clock jive.



R. H. PROBST

It's Dick, first, last and always. First in bed, last to get up, and always late for formation.

J. F. ZARDIN

Another Cleveland boy with a snore like a Lake Erie fog horn. If you don't beat him to sleep you'll never sleep.

E. W. SCHANKE

He goes into his two turn spins at 700 feet.

HAROLD E. CHRISTENSEN
Instructor.

J. A. LA SCOTTE

When it comes to forced landings, we must admit that the home field is the best place, but how can one be so sure or so lucky?



C. W. SYMONDS

A Massachusetts financial tycoon, but he has a lot of trouble explaining the amount that is in his pay envelope when he turns it over to his wife.

J. W. ANDERSON

The overworked cameraman with the beautiful eyes. Watch out, John, she'll catch you!

L. T. VOHS

Ah! That blue envelope.
He will probably need a
transit instead of a sight
to get a bead on the
Japs.

LOREN F. SEGER

The St. Louis master of
inverted flight — after
taps. What's the story
on this?

F. W. THEIS

Don't ever talk about
Kentucky to this fellow.
"It was a hard job—but
I finally taught my in-
structor to fly," quotes
"Pete."

WILBUR L. BROWN

Instructor.

WM. L. SHELTON

The St. Louis publicity
hound of NB-4. Probably
will be a press agent in
post-war days.

J. TATSAK

A very obliging fellow who spends all his spare mo-
ments going after the mail. "Hey, John, when are you
going after the mail?"

C. E. McCOY, JR.

From motor-bike to Maytag-Messerschmidt. "Pull over
to that cloud bank, you Maryland Trooper." Where's
the dog fight?



L. M. ABELEIN

The great Abelein from
Aberdeen, N. Dak. He
has given up his long
handles since he came
in, but CPT hasn't helped
him a bit over "Abelein"
mountain. Has it, Jay?

A. L. CUMMINGS

A Minnesota boy that
hasn't much to say, but
he sure makes up for it
in his flying.

J. C. REID, JR.

Expert on three-point
landings—one here, one
there and one a little
further.

LENN M. PIERSON

Instructor.

J. L. TOWNSLEY

Short, dark and vigor-
ous. A handy fellow to
have around whether it's
in a PT-22, on the ball
field, or running with the
pack on week-end
passes.

J. E. THOMPSON

The Florida Romeo who has been converted to a Cali-
fornia Casanova. How about giving someone else a
chance, Junior?

REG. W. TWIGGS

That W. stands for Wolford. Now we know why his
friends call him "Citizen." Be careful, boys, that's the
lady I love.



KEN R. CALAHAN

This fellow from Kansas would make a good brother for anyone. He is just an "eager beaver," always being on the ball.

S. C. NORTHROP

The lad who knows check pilots by their first names. He sez—quote—It gives me the jitters to ride with my regular instructor—unquote.

BARNEY B. STAGNER

Another part of the Texas formation—definitely an H.P.

HENRY J. HENRIOULE

Instructor.

L. D. MITCHELL

A right guy and everyone calls him "Mitch," that simple slow leak" from the poem of the same name. During C. Q. his voice has the greatest decibel rating in these parts.

J. F. BROWN

He vies with Kirkland and Max Wright for most eager beaver. Red has more experience, but they have the new spirit—Photo Finish.

W. M. SLAUGHTER

A good fellow who can be depended on to keep the party lively. Many of us wonder how he does it with his knowledge of over-ripe jokes. Have you heard the one about the traveling salesman, Max?



D. C. KIRKLAND

Candidate for most eager beaver. Thinks of flying after check rides and of Mrs. K. between periods of thought.

R. E. PATTERSON

Hidden behind his black cigar smoke he is good competition in any poker game.

FRED B. CLUCK

This mild-looking cadet's favorite hobby is bullying men bigger than himself. Our entire bay is under his domination.

ELVIN B. SMITH

Instructor.

EDWARD B. McNABB

"Blackie" we call him, the Texas ace. When it comes to flying, he leads the race.



M. J. WRIGHT

Has a great desire to be a bombardier before each check ride. In between checks smilin' Maxie is a confirmed H.P.

ROBERT H. HANNAMAN

A good man in an argument. He's lost with those one-way gossports.

GEO. D. RICHARDS

"Lend me 10 bucks, will you? My wife doesn't get paid till next week." Don't worry though, he always pays on the line.

JOHN H. ZECH

Our very able and efficient adjutant. He's right on the bit and is familiarly known as iron pants—strictly G. I.

LEROY A. SMITH, JR.

One of Denver's crack golfers. He follows through in fine form and puts the Ryan through its stages on par.

ARLIS A. SLUDER

Instructor.

D. J. SKINNER

The boy whom these California gals rave about—the quite dignified type.



ELDON C. FOLGATE

Affectionately called "general"—former marine and half of that Hammond-Folgate tussle that never ends.

NEWELL P. WHITE

Hails from Ohio and airplanes are his meat, real or models. His flying began long before his services were offered to Uncle Sam.



J. L. PECK

The fair-haired lad from the mountains of Kentucky. He claims that the tall tales of that lost horizon are true. How about it, Kaintuck?

R. O. STEWART

It is our theory that his commands freeze in mid-air from the almost instantaneous response that he gets.

J. L. MYER

Left the RCAF because the ducks came south for the winter. Continues to buzz them in his own inimitable fashion.

EDWARD J. WEINHOLZ
Instructor.

EARLE E. TYSON

Our own little Eager Beaver. Favorite occupation lolling in bed until the last possible moment. Nice work if you can do it and he really can.

E. J. NEILSON

Always on the ball and a fine fellow is this handsome chap from Minneapolis. Too bad, girls, he's married.

W. R. COLBY

The "Bugs Baer" of bunk two—that versatile lad from Texas who keeps us entertained nightly with those tall tales of the Lone Star State.

Thoughts . . .

These Dreams of Ours

Tonight, as I sit in the sunset glow
Of a beautiful summer day,
I remember the things we used to do,
And the words we used to say.

The wonderful dreams we dared to dream
As we built a castle so high,
Where just we two could live and love—
Yes, darling, you and I.

And we hoped for a toddler, to share our love—
'Twas our greatest desire within,
But now we are parted, and lonely for each,
And now it's just "might have been."

Yes, "might have been," for now we're at war,
And they've taken you far from me,
To fight for this land of freedom and right—
This land of the brave and the free.

You'll wear a pair of silver wings
Which you bravely and proudly earned—
And we'll not think of these lonely days
When we, for each other, yearned.

We both want to do the most we can
To bring victory and justice and right—
So we'll sacrifice the dreams we made
To have days ahead that are bright.

So, honey, let's put our dreams aside—
We'll tuck them away with a smile,
'Cause the battle you're going to help them win
Is the one that makes life worth while.

And then, when our day comes to dream again,
We'll find all our dreams where they lay—
Tucked away deep within our hearts
To be 'wakened on Armistice Day.

—MRS. GEORGE D. RICHARDS.



I undershot, then bounced her in,
. . . The worst landings in ages,
I overshot, and went around,
How I hate those * * stages!

We have five hundred hours,
We're good, there's no denying;
But I wish it was time in the air—
Instead of hangar flying!



I set my base leg just right,
On this landing I was going to shine.
I cut my throttle and glided in,
But I didn't see the line.

"Are the Navy flyers best?"
Of course not! Why do you ask it?
They have a whole ship to land on,
While I can hit a basket!



Nestlings . . .

*Just baby eagles with feathers so few,
Not much "time" or experience, it's true.
Sixty hours to us now seems far away,
But give us time, we'll have our day!*





On the Flight Line . . .

☆ Years ago it all began. We ran outdoors when we heard that high-pitched drone—to watch an army plane go by. In the infantry, the cavalry, the field and coast artillery, or at our civilian jobs we craned our necks skyward while we waited for appointment as cadets.

At Santa Ana we sat in the doors of our tents—on the front steps of the barracks—and watched P-38's circling in lazy-eights and chandelles high above, and we thought—"If we were only up there—that's the real Air Corps—those guys are really in the gravy . . ."

We are Class 43-E. Remember how we started? Probably we were as non-descript a collection of "dog-faces" and civilians as has pooh-poohed "you'll be sorry" calls at Santa Ana since the Post was established. Remember those stripes we had to rip from our sleeves—those brown and white sport shoes we sent home—the zoot-suits and KP—those new barracks without water—that quarantine for scarlet fever that followed us to Eagle Field? If confinement to a Post in any way insures a man's success as an officer and a gentleman, or even as a pilot, Class 43-E is destined to go far.

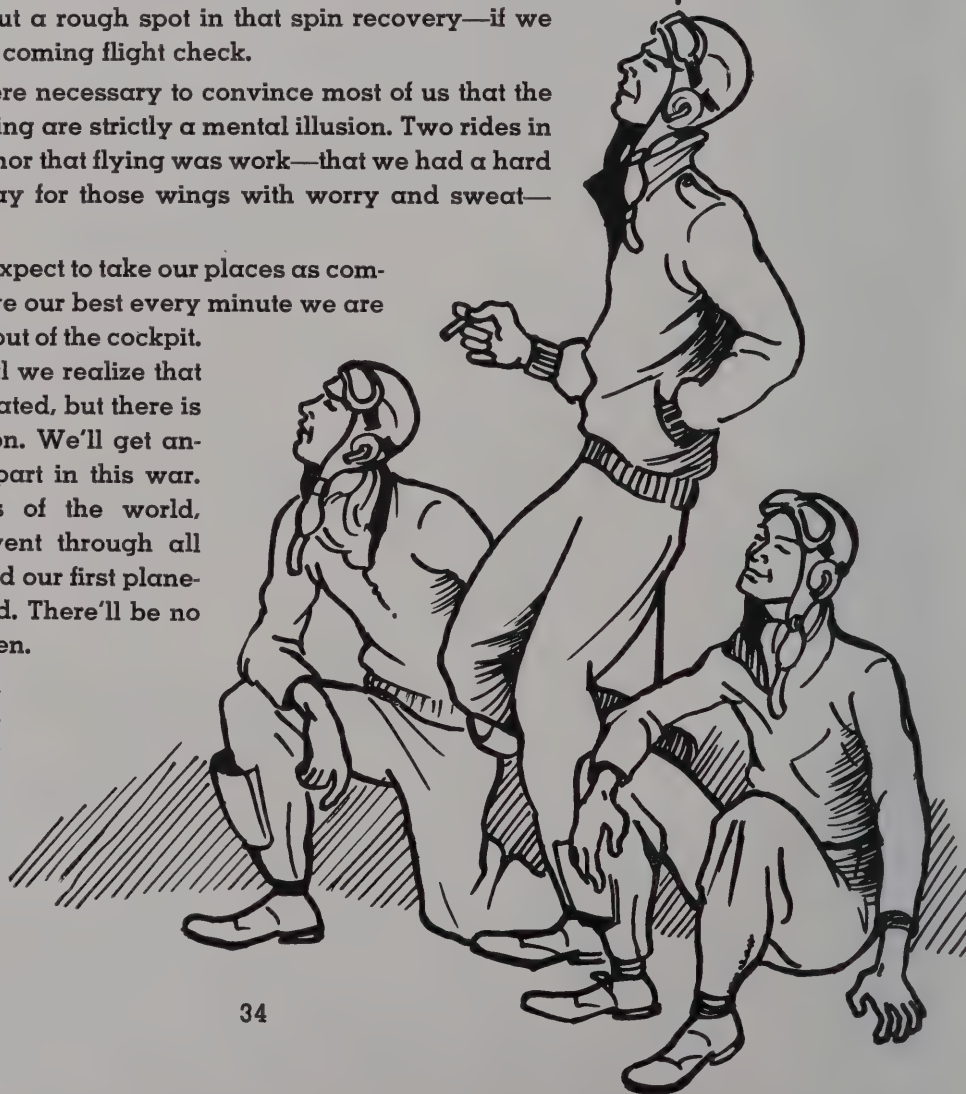
Today we're still watching—from the flight line. That helps. And we're still wondering, too. Not when we'll be up there in the sky, or how it feels to be at the controls of an airplane, but how we'll do today—how we can smooth out a rough spot in that spin recovery—if we can make the grade in a coming flight check.

Only a few days were necessary to convince most of us that the glamour and thrills of flying are strictly a mental illusion. Two rides in a Ryan confirmed the rumor that flying was work—that we had a hard job ahead—that we'd pay for those wings with worry and sweat—possibly with blood.

We know that if we expect to take our places as combat pilots we've got to give our best every minute we are on duty—heads must be out of the cockpit. Before we reach that goal we realize that some of us will be eliminated, but there is no disgrace in elimination. We'll get another chance to do our part in this war. Every day in all parts of the world, American pilots, who went through all this before many of us had our first plane-ride, are being eliminated. There'll be no other chance for those men.

But they've given everything. And that is one reason we resolve—as we sit and watch the sky, that no matter what happens, it will not be said we failed to give our best.

J. D. ROBERTSON.



Lower Class Flights . . .



Front Row: L. O. Wimblin, Jr., R. R. Scott, G. H. Gay, A. B. Hollenstain, Jr., G. E. Evely, P. D. Werner. Second Row: W. J. Simmons, G. N. Ryder, J. K. Norman, J. D. Robertson, I. B. Anderson, R. P. Roehm. Third Row: D. H. Finley, G. B. Warren, J. Yeton, Jr., E. F. Monninger, R. E. Harris, Jr., J. W. Shimkus. Fourth Row: R. M. Stevens, A. E. Jesser, J. E. Williams, C. P. Jones, I. E. Toler, E. H. Rohrbaugh, P. D. Tobin, Jr.



Front Row: C. J. Wilson, Don McDowell, S. A. Sagert, Harry L. Swan, J. R. Calamon, Carl G. Bickel. Second Row: E. H. Cunningham, J. V. Trammall, J. P. Bramlett, B. C. Currie, D. G. Brown. Third Row: James L. Singleton, C. W. Smith, P. L. Dunnavant, Harold D. Crowell, H. A. W. Tibbs, Dave Rowe. Fourth Row: J. H. Bass, John F. McDonald, Mike N. Perrotti, Henry L. Ware, T. E. Rose, Leland C. Zwick, Wayne G. Zaelke.



Front Row: J. C. Crumley, T. T. Radvjits, K. V. Jennings, W. A. Stewart, J. J. Mueller, W. R. McNair.
 Second Row: G. E. Townsend, J. R. Weaver, Jr., G. W. Sparber, Jr., F. A. Schwagerl, D. W. Stretz.
 Third Row: A. L. Sikkenga, R. F. Parker, M. E. Shields, R. G. Sescallete, M. N. Keathley, J. L. Rodolff.
 Fourth Row: C. E. Sloan, H. K. Warwick, W. W. Waterous, J. G. Mersereau, E. F. Peters.



Front Row: David Q. Isaacs, E. A. Schwartz, Harry A. Sempf, Robert L. Shoup, Herty E. Storino, Herman Hale, Jr. Second Row: Walter Lober, Douglas W. Green, Robert G. Silva, Ben E. James, E. E. Tuttle, Arthur F. Show. Third Row: Elmer H. Duff, Charles R. Trommer, Fronak L. Moser, Walter H. Wingert, Albert F. Fitzpatrick, Sherman L. Hart. Fourth Row: Harry N. Silvers, R. B. Rusling, H. B. Smith, Joseph F. Sage, James H. Shieler, Harlan A. Dunn.



Front Row: John F. Wilson, William T. White, Robert C. Sully, Thomas H. Shegrin, H. Earl Broxton. Second Row: Arthur W. Zipperian, Francis B. Allen, Harry Blumenthal, Fulton E. Fenner, James J. Berlinger. Third Row: Thomas Soso, K. L. Stahl, William F. Rosener, Floyd B. Rupp, Frank E. Kupec, William W. Radford. Fourth Row: Keith A. Sprague, David C. Branch, Marion J. Hawke, Adolph P. Leirer, Marvin W. Glasgow, E. J. Halper.



Front Row: Clarence F. Scrivner, Elvyn G. Roser, James P. Ryan, Dale F. Smith. Second Row: Corty Blomstrand, Glenn F. Sanford, Warren E. Semple, Thomas H. Letten, Clause L. Hickey. Third Row: Theodore R. Wilson, Stephen J. Sun, W. L. Turner, Leo L. Sawyer, Fred A. Munder, Glenn H. Sweigart. Fourth Row: William E. Newhouse, Bernard G. Morrow, Cleo S. Whorton, Chas. M. Britton, Jr., Fred C. Culp, Jr., Marcel V. Gauthier, Jack V. Jean.



Front Row: Clifford L. Stupfel, James L. Webb, Goulding W. Swift, Jr., John R. Brashear, Morris B. Moore. Second Row: Geo. H. Rowley, Jr., Albert D. Byrne, Charles R. Waddell, Albert G. Schmidt, Roland A. Winter, James B. Harris. Third Row: Eustice L. Hawkins, Richard J. Kenny, Virgil W. Cavender, Charles C. Zwick, Paul J. Komp, Clarence G. Burk, Herman W. Zehring. Fourth Row: Leonard S. Smutko, Chas. H. Clemmens, Wm. S. Rutherford, Roy E. Spencer, Harry B. Crum, Dean A. Arnold.

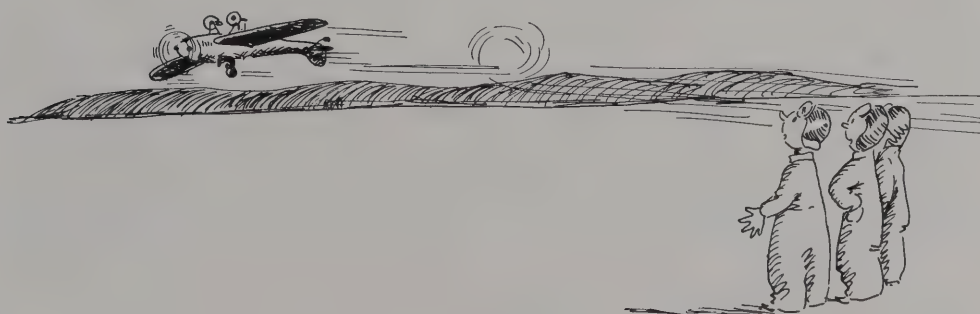


Front Row: Thomas S. Varney, Marion M. Schilling, Emery K. Ryan, J. M. Margolis, Royden R. Utley. Second Row: Lyman T. Hancock, Joseph P. Walton, Mack O. Tyner, Richard P. Shumway, John A. Farley, Gordon F. Wiley. Third Row: Dennis E. Robinson, Tom Wootton, Meyer Stein, Wilson S. Smart, Arnold G. Brocksen, Arthur C. Wolford. Fourth Row: Alexander Ruchko, DeWitt L. Stubbs, Nicholas J. Zender, Robert F. Jarvis, Raymond E. Crandall, Robert H. Rohrer.



Left to Right: Orum, Petersen, Wilkins, Lady, Wilkinson.

Student Officers



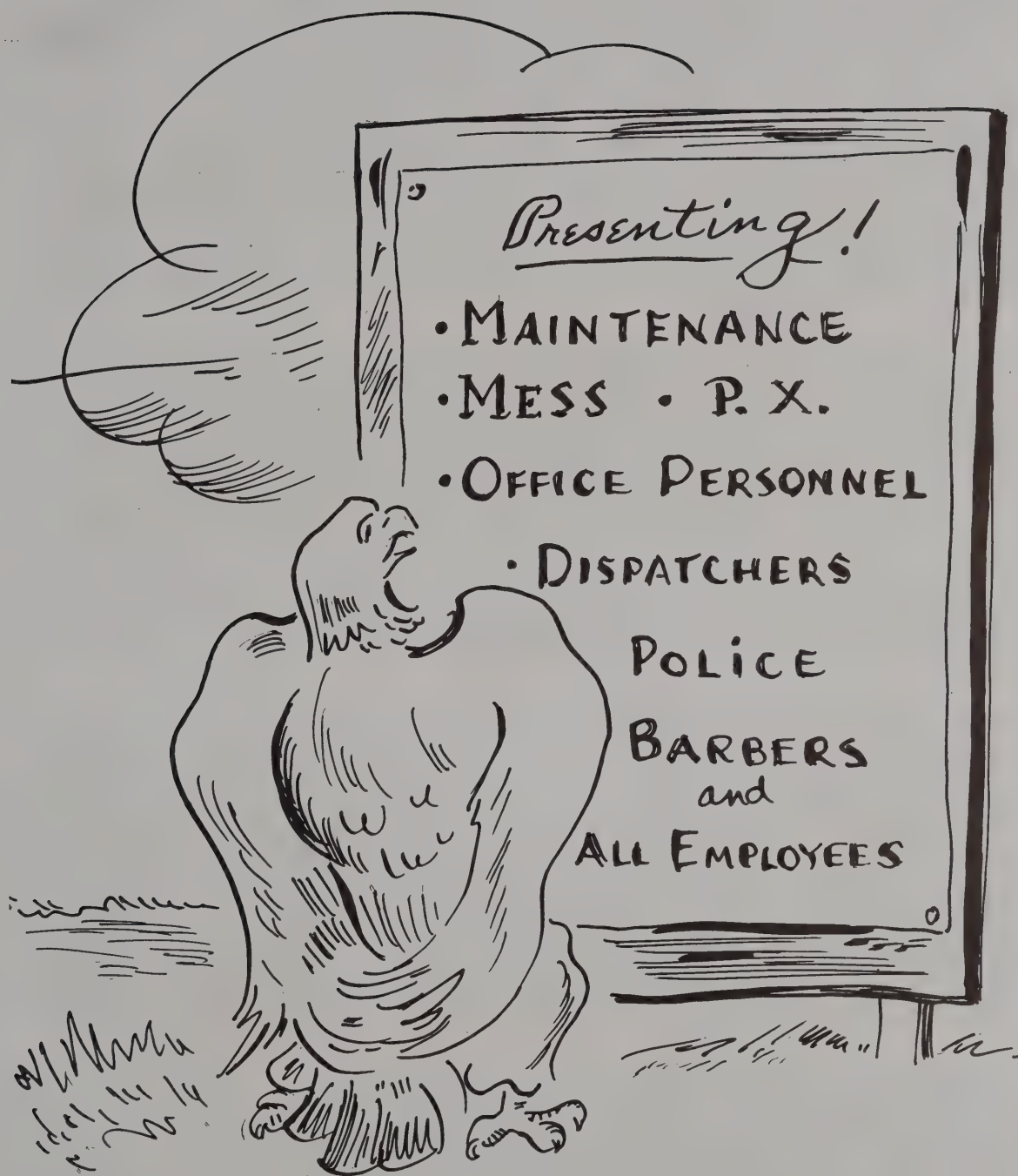


First Row: S. E. Perkins, Charles K. Baugh, K. T. Carlson, Henry G. Franch, James B. Watriss, Norbert C. Koeberlein. Second Row: Chester D. Lampson, William L. Holman, Shirl M. Nelson, Robert E. Watson, Jr., Louis M. Robinson, Donald O. Livingston. Third Row: George W. York, Erwin O. Darby, Al. Hammann, C. R. Crothers, Carl G. Voorhees, Loyal H. Oesan, Francis T. Spiller.

Lower Class Instructors . . .



First Row: H. W. Elmquist, L. G. Wofford, J. A. Combs, K. K. Lowe, E. P. Felton. Second Row: H. N. Ives, K. D. Miller, John L. Caywood, F. E. Ferree, Frank A. Gallison. Third Row: G. R. Coe, H. J. Foote, L. A. Zantop, H. A. Beatty, J. T. Veiht, R. S. Gimblin.



Nest Keepers . . .

*In the annals of war their names are not found;
They're given no praise or renown . . .
But by doing their job here and giving their best
They'll help put the Axis to rest!*





"Rigger" Mortis



"Mrs. Rigger"



"Not Too Short, Please"



Cash! Cash! Not Grins



"Cookie" and Cookies



A Cadet's Best Friend



"Report to Your Dispatcher, Immediately"



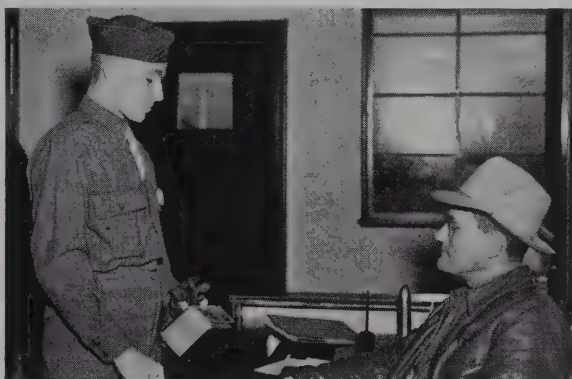
Home, Sweet Home



Line Up



"B. T." Keeper



Fresno Bound



Flight Line Smiles



Don't Look Now, But . . .



A Slick Wash Job



No Rationing Here!



"Gas on Reserve, etc."



Staff . . .

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